THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

Queen of the favored pew,
I cannot half reveal
The thoughts I have of you
With unromantic steel.

The stamen of a pink
Dipped in a drop of dew
Would not be pen and ink
Too exquisite for you.

The music of the choir
Is pitched in one sweet key
That tells of my desire
And that of more like me.

When roguishly you glance
At me across the pew,
Each eyeflash is a lance
That stabs me through and through.

The deacon thinks your wings
Are just about to sprout.
Well, I know other things,
But he won't find them out.

Dear little Methodist,
Say one sweet prayer for me.
And I shall in the list
Of the elected be.

—S. A. Wood in B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.

Waking the Dozing Court.

Gambetta, prior to the overthrow of the empire, was addressing the court in behalf of a prisoner when suddenly he perceived that the presiding judge was visibly dozing. He paused for a minute, and then, bringing down his fist with a terrible thump on the desk in front of him, he shouted in his most resonant and clarion-like voice, "As I was saying before the awakening of the court!" This apostrophe was immediately punished by the indignant judge suspending the young lawyer from practicing his profession for a period of two months.

Less energetic, yet equally effective, was Maitre Rousse, who, having likewise observed that the presiding magistrate was indulging in a nap, suddenly stopped talking. The prolonged silence, which lasted four minutes, had the effect of awakening the judge, and as soon as he opened his eyes Maitre Rousse made a profound bow and resumed his speech as follows: "As I was saying, Messieurs de la Cour, at your last audience," laying special stress on the word "last." The reproof was so delicate that everybody smiled, even including the judge himself.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Old Fashioned Southern Homes.

The old fashioned southern houses! Some of them are left still. You see them here and there as you go about Houston; splendid old places, with such an air of old time hospitality about them. In the midst of the modern buildings these lovely old homes give you a feeling of pleasure—just such a feeling as you have when you meet a gentleman of the old school, with his refined and courtly bearing. What a vision comes to you of the lovely hospitality which once made every one of these homes the center of pleasure and culture! You have but to close your eyes, and you can see again the merry crowds that used to assemble there, and up from the past come floating the light jest and lighter laughter. What music and song have drifted out from those spacious parlors! What couples have promenaded along those wide old galleries! Where have they all gone, I wonder—the youth and hope that made these old homes radiant 20, 30, 40 years ago?—Houston Post.

Finding the Page.

I lately made the discovery that by tearing a bit off one corner of my notebook I could put my thumb nail on the corner of the first page on which I wanted to write and open to it at once without fingering to separate that page and the cover. It followed as a corollary that when the first page was written full the exposed corner of that page could be torn off in the same manner and the second page opened to with equal readiness and so on. I think this idea may be found useful where one turns several times to one page before writing on the next, as on notebooks, account books, etc. A gentleman to whom I explained the idea suggested that books might be made with perforations across one corner, so that the tear might be easier and neater.—Cor. Writer.

Making Starch at Home.

When starch is wanted at a pinch, it can be made from all farinaceous substances. It can be washed out of grated new potatoes, wheat bran, cornmeal, oatmeal or flour. Starch of commerce is, however, so generally accessible that it is scarcely worth while to do more than indicate the things that may upon a pinch serve as substitutes for it. To use any of them excepting wheat flour, tie a double handful loosely in a thin bag, then wash and knead vigorously in plenty of cold water. When it looks milky white, take out the bag, let the liquor settle five minutes or until clear water stands on top, then pour it off so as to be rid of floating particles and use the thick remainder as starch. If wheat flour is used, either make of it a very stiff dough, from which wash out the starch in cold water, or else wet it first with a little water, adding more gradually until it is a thin, smooth batter ready to be made into boiled starch. What remains when the starch has been dissolved out of the flour is the gluten, a very valuable substance in bread, but of no use in doing up clothes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Used His Coffin For a Pantry.

In Lady Burton's life of her husband she tells of a friend of his, known popularly as Bob Campbell, who, having taken it into his head that it was very silly to have to go to the expense of a coffin and not to utilize it during his life, had himself measured for one, a nice oak and brass affair, the plate having name and everything usual on it except the date, for which a blank was left. He had it fitted up with shelves across the inside, so as to use it for keeping cold meat or bottles or any other thing. On its arrival at his house in a hearse, with mutes and all, there was something of a scene, but as Bob had arranged all this beforehand for the sake of effect he took it quite coolly, and when the coffin was fetched in he propped it up on end against the wall like a little cupboard.

Flowers on Outgoing Ships.

"They say," volunteered the stout woman as the party steered its way around the cabin's long, flower laden tables and solemnly admired the funereal like crosses and anchors and multitudinous baskets, that also, funereal-like, had been sent to the departing ones, "that a little distance out at sea you can pick up enough work baskets to stock all the sewing societies in the United States, so extensive is the floating area that contains these soon discarded floral offerings."—New York Times.

Aluminium Bicycles.

The long looked for application of aluminium in bicycle making is now an assured fact. Its deadness or lack of flexibility and its fibre weakness are said to have been overcome, and now the desired qualities will be added to lightness, and bicycles will be light, strong and cheap.—New York Telegram.

A Duel Between Two Aeronauts.

During the Franco-German war a blood curdling duel occurred in midair between two aeronauts, one of whom was conveying dispatches from the governor of Paris. The balloons approaching at a considerable altitude, the encounter was commenced with pistols. For some time neither combatant could secure the advantage, but at length one balloon mounted above the other, and its occupant, seizing his momentary advantage, threw his grappling irons upon the top of the other balloon. They tore through the silken fabric as though it had been so much paper. There was an escape of gas, a shriek, and the next minute both balloon and balloonist lay battered out of recognition upon the ground 2,000 feet below.—London Tit-Bits.

HOW PEOPLE ARE HUMBUGGED.

Claim Agents Who Promise to Recover Estates of Dead Englishmen.

Another man has been arrested for fooling folks by telling them he can establish their claim as heirs to vast English estates. It is true that a good deal of land and a good deal of money in England have reverted to the crown because the families which once had them have died out. It is also true that the government would be glad to deliver this property over to the living heirs if they could be found.

It doesn't follow, though, that because Sir Edwin Jones died without issue and also without relatives that every man in America who is frescoed with the name of Jones is a lineal descendant of Sir Edward and has a right to enjoy his estates.

If the American Jones, however, happens to be a first class idiot, a plausible rogue can persuade him that he has the blue blood of the aboriginal Jones in his veins, and that instead of opening oysters or dredging for clams he ought to be mounted on the driver's seat of a handsome drag or riding the best jumper in the country.

Everybody likes to be told that he is superior to his position, and that his true place is in the very highest English society, such as Sir Edward occupied before he drank himself to death with fine old Scotch whisky. S. Jones, the clamdigger, or the other Jones who has made a few thousands and would like to tie himself to Sir Timothy This or Sir Ballihad That listens to the sweet tales of flattery with hungry ears.

Then the agent, who is an expert at his little game, because he has tried it on 20 foolish people, suggests that he will climb the genealogical tree of the oyster opener or of the other fellow with the "few thousands," and hasn't the slightest doubt that he can arrange to have him occupy that ivy covered castle within a very reasonable time. In the meanwhile of course the lucky dog who is to inherit several millions sterling will scarcely begrudge him a paltry hundred dollars or so with which to cover necessary expenses. The hundred dollars are forthcoming, and thereupon the agent is immediately forthgoing. Jones continues to dig clams, but is minus a year's hard earnings, and the other Jones with the "few thousands" carries on the grocery business at the old stand as usual.

It seems preposterous, but that dodge when carefully worked has gulled hundreds of Americans. The victims have no more chance of recovering from the crown than they have of gathering a nosegay from the moon. There is nothing whatever in the scheme. It is pure folly from beginning to end, and the man who tells you otherwise is a rank impostor.

Don't hunt for money in that way, and don't mind if you are not related to Sir Edward. Get your dollars by honest work, and when you have earned them don't tolerate the presence of these "European claim agents" except just long enough to kick him down the front steps.—New York Telegram.

Mark Twain and His Recent Works.

Mark Twain's most notable characteristic is courage. Few other men—even if the other men could think of such things—would dare to say the things that Mark Twain says. To describe the travels of a man on a glacier, with particular reference to the fact that, being pressed for time, he rode upon the middle of the glacier, which moves faster than the edges, is one of the bravest things in literature. It required courage to write "She," but She could not possibly exist and glaciers do move. Mark Twain is a high jumper, but he always jumps from the solid rock of fact and is not afraid of breaking his neck by falling back upon it. His funniest things are so funny because they are possible. An impossibility is a millstone about the neck of a joke.

To load a frog with shot so that it can not engage in a leaping match is funny, but if one were to write of a whale inflated with balloon gas so that it might shoot out of the water and skim through the air like a flying fish it would not be funny. It would be merely fantastic. In his humorous creations Mark Twain seldom plays upon words. He plays upon ideas, and, as a pun would have no value were the words played upon treated without reference to their legitimate use, so he never forgets what a character is in the habit of doing when he makes him do something out of the common, and in his comical situations he uses the antithesis as if he were making a pun or an epigram.—Frank R. Stockton in Forum.

The Orchid In the Tropics.

To the naturalist in the tropics a collection of orchids is a never ending source of interest. He cannot help feeling that they are not only living things, but that they have faculties not generally credited to members of the vegetable kingdom. He sees them rejoicing in congenial positions and shrinking before a strong wind or the burning rays of a tropical sun. When the block to which they adhere becomes decayed, they show their distaste in an unmistakable manner by throwing out new aerial roots, which feel their way to some better anchorage.

If a drought comes and no water is given, the leaves fall, and they lie dormant for months, to awake and put forth their wonderful flowers when the rains fall. When they can no longer exist under most trying circumstances, they die very slowly, often lingering on for years without the sign of a flower. Even when the bud is in an advanced stage a change of place will often cause it to wither before opening.—Longman's Magazine.

A Selfish World.

George—No matter how things go, the poor always suffer.

Jack—Yes, the nabobs who own railroads don't think anything of running over a poor man's horse.

"Yes, and the man who can afford to own a horse runs down the poor fellow on a bicycle."

"Just so, and the fellow on the bicycle runs down the poor chap who has to walk."

"That's it, and the man who walks stumbles against the poor cripple who goes on crutches."

"That's the way, and the cripple on crutches spends most of his time jamming his sticks down on other people's corns. It's a sadly selfish world."—New York Weekly.

Snow of Different Colors.

The pure white color of snow, as we were all taught at school, is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the radiance thrown off from the innumerable crystals of which it is composed. But all snow is not white, and exactly why it is not is a puzzle to the meteorologists. At the head of Holy Cross creek, Colorado, and at several places on Mount Shasta, California, blood red snow is found. At Carniola, Germany, in 1808, five feet of red snow fell and was followed by about an inch of fine blue hail. Pliny mentions snows black, yellow, red and green.—St. Louis Republic.

Where Canary Birds Are Raised and Sold.

The peasants of Germany raise in round numbers 250,000 canary birds. Of these 100,000 are shipped to the United States. The next greatest demand for the birds comes from England, which takes 50,000 birds annually. The finer birds are usually sold in Germany, where higher prices can be obtained for the best birds than any where else.

Advice For a Shilling.

A certain thin man sent a shilling in postage stamps to an advertiser who promised for that sum to impart trustworthy information how to get fat, and received the message on a postal card, "Buy it at the butcher's!"—London Tit-Bits.

A CONDUCTOR'S RAPID PROMOTION.

Faithfulness Secured Him the Superintendency of a Railroad.

Division Superintendent Fraser of the Southern Pacific, who lives at Fresno and has charge of the company's lines in the San Joaquin valley, is a bright, capable railroad officer. He is a comparatively new man in the state and owes his present position to the interest the millionaire president of the road has taken in him for several years. At one time he was connected with the Kentucky Central road.

Ten or twelve years ago an incident occurred that first brought Fraser under the notice of Mr. Huntington. The latter had just completed the construction of the Kentucky Central, and one day, happening to be at Rockport, Ky., thought he would take a ride. He boarded the train on which Fraser was conductor. The latter did not know the owner of the road and had not the least idea what manner of man he was.

Going through the train collecting tickets, Conductor Fraser eventually reached Huntington, who was gazing interestedly through the car window as the train was crossing the high and long bridge over Green river.

"Ticket, please," said the conductor to the rich man.

With a start Huntington turned around in his seat and hurriedly felt in his pockets for one of the many passes he is in the habit of carrying. He could not find one, as before going to Rockport he had left his private car at Louisville, and all of his passes were in another coat in the car.

"I've not got my passes with me, but it's all right, I'm Mr. Huntington," remarked the magnate as he continued to feel his pockets for a pasteboard.

"Mr. Who?" asked Fraser.

"Mr. Huntington, the owner of the train and this road, sir," replied the "all-the-traffic-will-bear" apostle.

"I can't take your word for that, sir, and must have a ticket or the cash," said the ticket collector.

"But, I tell you, I'm the owner of the road, and that ought to be sufficient."

"That may all be true," remarked the conductor, "but if I were to believe all the stories I hear from passengers who make excuses about losing their tickets or their money I would soon be discharged for not doing my duty. I'm instructed to collect a ticket or cash from every passenger. Now, I cannot take your word as to who you are, and if, as you say, you have left your passes behind you must pay cash. If you don't, I'll have to put you off at the next station."

Mr. Huntington had to yield up $9 for fare.

The next day when Fraser learned that the passenger he had made pay fare was really the owner of the road he handed in his resignation, but it was not accepted.

Huntington told the story as a good joke on himself and praised the conductor for his devotion to duty. He did not forget the incident, either, and finding Fraser competent promoted him on several occasions before finally bringing him out here.—San Francisco Examiner.

Arab Characteristics.

The Arab is a tall, straight featured, well shaped man, varying in color from a dark bronze to a tone quite as white as the European. He is decidedly handsome. Women are apt to be struck by the manly beauty of the Tunisian. He is, in his way, cleanly; he washes his feet before praying, and his hands and face before and after eating, and is apt to bathe in streams at not infrequent intervals. But, and in the orient there is always a but on this subject, he can scarcely be gnaged as up to our standard of what is next akin to godliness. One sees at the hut doors all too many instances of cerebral insecticide to be reconciled to the Arab as a clean mortal. No odor of nationality is apt, however, to exist in a dry climate, so that he is, quoad the nostril, unobjectionable. His value as a laborer is not great. Many of the pastoral Arabs who own flocks hire herdsmen for their food, 15 francs and two sheep a year. Lodging is al fresco most of the time.

I am of course not referring to the educated, intelligent Arab. I passed some days with the Kaliph of Kesar H'lal, and can truthfully say that I have never met a man with finer instincts, nobler presence or more abundant courtesy. There are also sheiks who would murder you for your money, until you have broken bread with them, but so there are in America, and breaking bread with these will by no means save you.—Colonel T. A. Dodge, U. S. A., in Harper's.

Lincoln's Bravery.

Lincoln wasn't handsome, and yet there was nothing unpleasant, nothing you wouldn't quickly like in Lincoln's looks. He was swarthy as an Indian, with a shock of wiry, jet black hair which fell in all directions and defied combs and brushes to the death. His eyebrows carried out the shaggy effect, while his bright, keen eyes were gray. Lincoln's personal courage had no limit. He was afraid of nothing on earth. He received, I know, as many as half a dozen letters every week threatening assassination. He never heeded them and seldom referred to them. He went about as freely as Grover Cleveland does now. He would get into the saddle and canter out to the Soldier's home, six miles, and an assassin could have picked him off with a rifle at every step of the way. Lincoln never appeared to have the slightest fear of it. Stanton used to get scared and put guards around Lincoln, but the latter only laughed at it.—Senator Voorhees in Kansas City Times.

Reminded of His Youthful Days.

If you want to live to a good old age, do not buy or try to drive a horse that has ever belonged to the fire department. A friend who comes into market three times a week some time ago got such a horse, and the animal did well enough until one night about 1 o'clock as he was coming in with a load the fire bells rung as he was passing an engine house. The old horse pricked up his ears and threw up his tail, and when the engine came out he took after it at a gallop. All efforts to hold him were in vain. He was going to the fire, and he got there, too, as soon as the engine did, though he left some of his load on every block on the road.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bolts Have Driven Out the Buttons.

The small metal button which turned over on its counterpart, and which was used to fasten doors from the inside 50 years ago, is still in use in old fashioned houses in New England. It is not to be presumed that a single one of these really good and cheap articles could be found on sale in a hardware store in the country, the bolt having supplanted it.—Hardware.

European Sportswomen.

There are few American women of society who care for wildwood sports, the majority not sympathizing with the tastes of the many foreign women of high position who make notable catches of salmon or return from a day's hunt with a bag of game. Some English girls of title have distinguished themselves as skillful salmon fishers, but it is mostly on the continent that women use the gun. The Infanta Isabel, elder sister of the Infanta Eulalie, is a very successful shot. She heads shooting parties in the royal preserves, and brings down with unerring aim partridges, woodcock, hares and rabbits. She is one of the most daring riders to hounds in the rough country about Madrid.—New York Tribune.

Capital Offenses In Shakespeare's Time.

In England during Shakespeare's lifetime stealing above the value of 12 pence, burning a haystack, killing or stealing a sheep, breaking a dike or bridge, breaking a bank of a fish pond, cutting down a tree in an orchard and the malicious tearing or defacing the garments of a person in the street were all capital offenses.